There was but a little fire—yes that lit-te lighted up the handsome face of young furtwood with a pale, glastly gleam. And in that face, by the light, you could read the fearful tale of other powerty, and near starvation. There was hunger in the the expression of the hollow eyes, and room the broad white forebead, where the

Two years before, Horace Flintwood hat his pleasant home in a country section of Massachusetts, and his aged arents, to seek his fortune in the great of the west. C—; where we find him the commencement of our story.

The old homestead, the blessed old place where his childhood had been passed, was

bere his childhood had been passed, was no igaged, and it was to obtain money to save the home of his parents from stranger bands, that young Flintwood had bid fare rell to those he loved and joined the great stream of westerm emigration. His great stream of westerm emigration. His trade—that of a bricklayer—at first procoured him ready money in flattering quantities; but as the people were unsatisfied with settling so far east as C——, the
young mechanic soon found himself deiprived of employment.

He would have followed the current on even to the shores of the Pacific, but an attack of fever brought him to his bed, nd he at length arose to find himself de prived of every dollar which he could prived of every dollar which he could once call his own. On the very verge of starvation, he thought of begging his way back to his parents, but his pride revolted. They were poor, and looking to him for the restoration of their dissipated fortune!

hould they see him come back to them remailess and starving? No not over if

penniless and starving? No, not even if died in that great city alone, and for the want of bread! He could not go back to them only to increase their cares, and be but an additional burden upon their scanw means. Horace Flintwood was thinking of all

this, while sitting there by the waning fire that chill November night, and as he thought, despair crept into his heart. Out upon the muffled air boomed shrill and upon the mufiled air boomed shrill and clear the bell of a neighboring tower pealing eleven. As the last echoing ceased, there came a short quick rap at Horace's door. He answered the summons, and a figure, closely wrapped in a black cloak, strode into the room, and without a word sat down on the chair which Horace had vacated. eated."
A wild evening, friend," Horace re-

marked, to break the awkward silence. "Very. Are you engaged this even-ing?" The stranger's tones were quick and imperative.
"Engaged!" Horace started at the ques

tion, "certainly not at this time of night."
"Are you in want of money?" The unknown bent a glance of piercing inquiry upon Horace, from a pair of black, flashing eyes, set far back under cliff-like

brows.
"Sir, I am not accustomed to answer duestions concerning my private affairs."
Horace drew himself up proudly, and something like a frown passed over his pale

I mean, and such is your reputation among hi those who best know you. Horace bowed.

"It is a small job, but I wish it finished to-night—to-night!" repeating the words with startling emphasis," and you must

do it!"
"Well, sir, work would be very acceptable to me—I need the money bad enough but midnight is rather a singular time to

call upon the services of a bricklayer."

"Granted—but I ask it, neverthelessand still further; you must be blindfolded, and conveyed to the place where you are to labor in a close carriage, and return to your lodgings in the same way. Moreover, you must swear never to reveal a single thing which may occur to you this night, to any living creature!"

The unknown had risen to his feet, and

tood silently and haughtily awaiting Horce's reply.

ace's reply.

The young bricklayer seemed much struck by the mysterious proposition of his strange visitor.

"Could I but know that there was nothing criminal, nothing—"

"It is enough that you have nothing to do but follow my directions. All will be well with you, and the pay shall be yours in advance, if you require it." He flung down a purse, well filled with gold, upon the table. Horace's eyes glistened, but he was silent.

"There are one hundred dollars-they are yours if you consent."

"One hundred dollars! impossible! cannot accept it-it looks too much like a bribe for committing some horrid crime-

"Hush! my friend, I know your circumstances, and your services to night will fully compensate me for the trifling sum. Do you consent?"

Horace threw on his well-worn overcoat, and taking with him some small implements of his trade, he followed the unknown to the waiting carriage. Once within the vehicle, a handkerchief was bound tightly over his eyes, and the night

f blindness settled over every object.

n and on rolled the pheeton over
countin's Bridge, and past the canal tollgate, over the brick pavements, out upon
the plank road, until at last the wheels reolved upon the hard gravel of a turnpike. By-and-by, the way became rough and stony, and Horace knew that they had left the city and its environs far behind them. Not a word had been exchanged between the young mechanic and the unknown; and the man who held the reins and guided the preses was silent as the grave.

sength the carriage stopped, and

ters not to you; suffice it that I wish it build across the aperture a solid line of

come for you."

Horace drew back. "I cannot, unless I know the contents of that casket. It may be that I am employed—made the instrument of some dreadful villainy indeed, indeed, I cannot go to work in this blind

"Choose between it and death!" came through the clenched teeth of the unknown, and drawing a revolver from his breast, he held it in frightful proximity to the young man's forehead.

"Your decision!" His voice was low, but awfully clear and distinct.
"I consent!" Horace spoke the words without a shadow of quivering.
"Enough! and now I leave you to your-

"Enough! and now I leave you so satisfaction, an additional hundred shall reward you for the fright I have given you!" He lighted an iron lamp which hung suspended from the roof of the celler, and with a courteous "good night," the unknown withdrew, bolting the door behind him.

Horace was left alone in the silent and

mysterious chamber.

A strange awe tole over him, and mingled with the overmastering curiosity he felt to examine the sealed box. Come what would, he determined to have a glimpse of "the treasure" concealed there, and Horace Flintwood, when once resolved upon anything, however perilous, was as immovable as the eternal Rock of Gi-

Securing the great door upon the inside Securing the great door upon the inside, with a couple of rusty bars which had probably been unused from time immemorial, he drew from his pocket a mason's small chisel and applied it to the screws upon the box. They yielded, one after another, and in a short space of time Flint. wood drew off the open cover. A sight met his eyes which well-nigh paralyzed

"I require a job of work done—done by a good faithful hand—a discreet workman, ingly fair, robed in white linen, lay before him! There was death upon her and eternal slumber upon her lips. long chesnut hair swept bright and glist ening down her wax-work neck, and the lids over her full, half-closed eyes, seemed but drooping before the fixed gaze of him who bent over her. Entranced, enraptured, fascinated, Horace gazed upon the

Speech, motion, everything seemed gone out from him—all his faculties were con-The striking of a distant clock the hour of one aroused him to a sense of his condition. His thoughts came back, and rushed through his brain with the rapidity

of lightning.

Wall up this beautiful creature in a cellar, amid the dampness and everlasting gloom? Who knew what fearful secret might be buried with her? Who could tell the story of her death? What might not those lips-unsealed from their cold silence-reveal of foul crime and villainy? Could he bury her up from sigh forever with that dreadful mystery hanging around her? Would he do the deed? Never!

God helping him, never!

Immediately he set about an examination of the walls of the cellar, and by a careful sounding he was enabled to detect the outer wall! He brought some of his tools to the side of the masonry, and in fifteen minutes he had made an aperture the size of a man's body through the brick. work. Fresh air from heaven's outer courts fanned his brow, and the heavy plunge of rushing water could be distinct by heard. Evidently the building into

if not upon its very banks. A wild romantie plan-possible from its very impossibility—swept through his mind. Why not remove the body to the shores of the river, and from whence he could, he felt convinced, subsequently discover and take it away, to at least Chris-tian burial? He could brick up the recess, as his employer required, and who would

which he had been so strangely conveyed

was situated in the vicinity of some river,

This plan, once conceived, was carried letting himself carefully out he reconnoit-ered the premises. The night was black as Erebus, and he could ascertain but lit-tle beyond the fact that he stood in a deep which surrounded the mansion, The ascent from this drain was steep and precipitous, but Horace felt within himself. the power to do great things, and he returned at once to the cellar.

to still a dull heavy bang.

The unknown paused, and drew off the bandage from Horace's eyes.

They stood in a long, low apertment, the sides of which were of black brick, and the bandage from the dead giater's, and which is dead giater's and which is dead giater sides of which were of black brick, and the arched roof of dingy gray stone. The distilight which the unknown carried in his hand only served to make more hiderus the dismal gloom of the place.

In the centre of the room there was an oblong box, of unpolished oak, screwed together by heavy iron seews, and in general appearance not unlike a coffic. A thrill of superstitious horror passed through Horace's frame; he started back a few paces, still regarding with distanced eyes the object before him.

"Well?" he spoke, inquiringly.

"That box," returned the unknown, "contains a treasure, of what form it matters not to you; suffice it that I wish it

placed here—he pointed to a recess in an angle of the wall—and then you are to black, fiery eyes, for no other feature of

darkness of the tomb!"

The wild eyes flashed savagely down into Horace's face, and though his voice did not tremble, his cheek became paler as he said,

"Enough! A man like you will ke "Enough! A man like you will keep an oath. Your work is done well."

"I am happy to have pleased you. It was thoughtful for you to select such a place for your gold—the most cunning burglar would have never gnessed it."

"You will lose nothing by your exceeding cleverness," he said, as he was fixing the bandage over Horace's eyes, "here, my

friend, is a little present for you," and he placed a parcel in the mechanic's hand.

The same road was driven over, the same unearthly silence preserved in the

left blind-folded at the door of his lodg ings. He tore off the handkerchief and looked wildly around him, but he saw only great crazy houses and smoky manufacto ries. The carriage and its mysterious occupants had vanished.

He bethought himself of the parcel gi

en him by the unknown, and breaking it open, he found simply a hundred dollar note enveloped in brown paper.

Early in the morning, subsequent to the events chronicled above, a boat, containing two persons, might have been seen pro ceeding at good speed up the Des P—river. Arrived within half a mile of Woodstock the way lay through or between high banks, which were covered with a thick growth of scrubby maples and tannot long escape the anxious eye of the of their son and his affectionate young wife.

Flintwood, for the reader has probably recognised our old friend, sprang upon the shore, followed closely by his companion, and after a brief search, the box containing the mysterious corpse was placed in the boat, the handkerehief was removed from the tree bough, and the light craft shot off like an arrow down the stream.

They drow up the boat, after a good two ours' sail, at an obscure wharf in the little village of N --- , and a carriage, which situated a little out of the village.

Flintwood had the box conveyed to upper chamber of this building, and when left alone with it, he unscrewed the cover and looked upon the face sleeping within its shadow. As he gazed, he saw that there was a warm perspiration upon the forehead of the seeming corpse, and a tinge of life-like redness on the slightly parted lips!

The young man sprang from the room and in fifteen minutes he returned accompanied by a physician. The man of science, after a brief examination of the body, reported "temporary suspension of animation, influenced by some drug while in great bodily prostration." Furthermore, the physician asserted that the body was that of Gertrude Winchester, the belle and the fashionable circles of C-, some three months previous!

succinctly the following account:

Fifteen months ago, my father, Norton
Winchester, died, and I by his will as well as by right, was made sole heir to his

of its dreadful rooms. Words can-ches to you the agony I suffered for through Persecuted by Col. Glines. and released me from this horrible hon-dage. Every day I was beset with argu-ments, entreaties, threats and imprecations, all tending toward gaining my consent to a marriage with Harwell Clines. I remain-ed firm to the last, and received in return for my temerity an apartment under ground, and securely barred and belted. The rigorous, unusual confinement brought on a impering fever, and I could plainly see that my persecutors intended it should terminate in my death. I had taken no medicine throughout my illness, and there-fore you may well believe I was surprisbuild across the aperture a solid line of masonry—solid, mind you! two tiers of brick, breastwise, and a coat of strong plaster over the whole! You will find all the materials necessary to your work, here; and at precisely four o'clock I shall expect you to have the job complete. Until that hour you will be alone—then I will come for you."

In a solid line of masonry—solid, mind you! two tiers of strong friend." He approached and laid his hand upon Flintwood's shoulder, "Well, I admire punctability. And now, as we are about to go forth from hence, I require you to swear eternal silence on the events of this night—silence as unbroken as the darkness of the tomb!"

The wild area facility to the time, my fore you may well believe I was surprisported, when Gol. Glines brought me, one morning, a dark liquid mixture, which he said would make me well. I drank more from thirst than from the wish of reviving to my dread life again, and immediately a slumberous sensation benumbed darkness of the tomb!"

The wild area facility to the time, my fore you may well believe I was surprisported, when Gol. Glines brought me, one morning, a dark liquid mixture, which he said would make me well. I drank more from thirst than from the wish of reviving to my dread life again, and immediately a slumberous sensation benumbed darkness of the tomb!" tion—those of Col. Glines and his son—I heard them arrange the disposition of my body when the sleeping potion should have taken effect, and with scarcely a thrill, I learned that I was to be placed in the cellar, and enclosed within a solid pile of ma sonry, while yet alive! I remember no more. It is all a blank and void till now."

Gertrude Winchester fully recovered her health beneath the hospitable roof of the kind boatman, and in due time appeared again to her astonished household who had

to her dead.

Col. Glines had applied for legal posse sion of her property, but owing to some delay in the city courts he had not been

able to assume formal occupancy.

Immediately on Gertrude's re-appearance, he fled from "Woodstick's Terror" with his son, and no subsequent tidings of them ever reached C——. "Woodstock's Terror" soon became a ruin, and one night was reduced to ashes during a violent thunder storm. Whether it was fired by a bolt from Heaven, or by the hand of man, was never known.
Gertrude Winchester naturally felt ver-

grateful to Horace for reseaing her from a dread fate, and she displayed her gratitude in a somewhat singular manner.

It was quite a romance, the newspapers of the day said, and now it had all ended

gled witch-hazel. From the overhanging ed accompanied by his worthy parents, bough of a low tree a white handkerchief who henceforth through their lives found fluttered in the wind, and the signal did a pleasant home in the luturious residence

claimed, triumphantly.

A LITTLE FABLE FOR LITTLE MINDS.—
There is a long, dull, hard season ahead, and every dollar that the poor now possess A LETTLE FABLE FOR LITTLE MINDS,in a little cove directly beneath the signal. will be worth two by and by, if they should keep it so long. Everything that you do not absolutely need in these times is dear at any price, and touching this we have a fable to relate:

Once upon a time, a young female squirrel went to housekeeping in a hole in the crotch of the big elm tree which fends off from our dwelling the assaults of the sun during the summer solstice. It was late in the fall of the year, and winter was close at hand. and a hard and long winter the older and was evidently waiting their arrival, took ing to be. They rakel and scraped to more experienced squireds knew it was gogether all the nuts they could get, and stowed them away in their respective tenements for future use; and still they thought they had not enough, for they foresaw short comings in the spring. Some of the more crafty, who had a sterk of hazienuts (eseemed a delicacy by the squirrel race) and few kernels of corn which they had imported from our barn, without paying for offered them for sale to their less considerate brethren in exchange for butternuts, walnuts and acorns; but as more corn could be obtained only at the expense of being shot by the farmer's boy, who was fond of squirrel too (squirrel-siew?) and the hazle bushes were bare, these luxuries ought to command, they said, high prices. Howev-er, as the times were hard, "they would be sold at a sacrifice," say one beautiful hazleheiress, whose disappearance had caused nut for a dozen common acorns, two charmagreat sensation of grief and wonder in ing kernels of corn for four ordinary walnuts, and other things at the same low rates. The young squirrel, who had just Dr. Wellman suggested the most rigid gone to housekeeping with a tolerably good ecresy concerning the mysterious discov- supply of the common necessaries of life, ery of the body, and in the meantime, ex- thought she had never heard of "bargains" erted himself to the utmost to restore the so tempting before, and, notwithstanding lady to life and consciousness. His efforts that her aged mother besought her to were successful, and by sundown of that save her provisions for future need, she day Gertrude was able to converse. So exchanged half of her winter's supply for on as deemed practicable by the media a handful of the superfluities. She had eal attendant, the story of her abduction from the dismal vault of the old country and prided herself vastly upon her smart home was told to her, and at her request trading! Long before spring, however, all Flintwood was called in, and she gave her provisions were gone, and when the grass was graen again she was thankful to

bably this was, in some measure, increas- lie down at full length; and, when the rength the carriage stopped, and arrive was assisted to alight. He was inducted up a grassy path, and into some sort of a building—he knew it by the continuous helding fast to him, with the unknown helding fast to him, with the unknown helding fast to him arm, he ascended two flights of stars, then passed through several mouldy, some; then down a flight of steps, a long empty corrider; and then, y descending four winding stairs at of anhewn stone. The air ed by my refusal to form a matrimonial places are thus filled to their utmost capaci-

"You say you never bearn tall o' the like o' the cocces?" put in Major Brown, an old veteran who had been chewing his tobacco in allence for the last half heur. "Why, you don't knew ennything 'bout 'em! If you'd a come here forty rease ago, like I did, you'd a thought coom. I jest'tell you, boys, you couldn't go amins for 'em. We hardly ever thought of pesterin' 'em much, for their skins weren't worth a dars with us—that is, we couldn't get enough for 'em to nay for the skinnin'. us—that is, we couldn't get energy for 'em to pay for the akinnin'.

"I recollect one day I went out a bee huntin'. Wat, arter I'd lumbered about a good while, I got kinder tired, and so I leaned up agin a big tree to rest. I hadn't much more in leaned up afore somethin' give me one of the allfirdest nips about the seat o' my britches I ever got in my life. I jumped about a rod, and lit a runnin', and kept on a runnin' for over a hundred and kept on a runnin' for over a hundred vards: when think, sex I, its no use a running and I'm anake bit, but a runnin' won't de enny good. So I jest stops, and proceeded to examine the wound. I soon seed it was o snake bite, for thar's a blood blister pinch ed on me about six inches long.
"Think, sez I, that rether gits me! Wha

in the very deuce could it a bin? After thinkin' about it a while, I concluded to go back, and look for the critter, jest for the curiosity o' the thing. I went to the tree and poked the weeds and stuff all about; but darn the thing could I see. Purty soon I sees the tree has a little split a runnin' along up it, and so I gits to lookin' at that. Dreckly I sees the split open about half a inch, and then shet up agin; then sees it open and shet, and open and shet and open and shet, right along as regular as a clock a tickin'. Think, sez I, what in all creation can this mean? I know'd I'd got pinched in the split, but what in thun der was a makin' it do it? At first I felt orfully scared, and thought it must be some thing dreadful; and then agin I thought it mouten't. Next I thought about hants and ghosts, and about a runnin' home and sayin' nothin' about it; and then I thought t couldn't be enny o' 'em, for I'd never hearn tell o' them a pasterin' a feller right n open daylight. At last, the true blood of my ancesters riz up in my veins, and told me it 'ud be cowardly to go home, and not find out what it was; so I lumbered for my axe, and swore I'd find out all about it, or blow up. When I got back, I let into the tree like blazes, and party soon it cum down and smashed all to flinders—and what do you think? Why, it was rammed and ammed plum smack full o' coons, from top o bottom. Yes, sir, they's rammed in so clost, that every time they breathed they made the split open."- Porter's Spirit.

MRS. FANNY YERN ON THE AMERICA. Causis .- Well, I never! No. Snakes and bracelets, darned (as stockings are darned you know) if I ever did. Moses and Aaron So it's us-us, women, ladies-us, the deli-cious little blue eyed tremblers, at whose tiny tootsicums you've been kneeling for nobody knows how long-it's us who have been and done it, and got you all into debt, and stopped your banks, and made your bills good for nothing but to light the beastly cigars you're got on tick-ain't that the word! By Diana and the mischievous urchin Dan Cupid, that's what you've concluded to come to, is it? And you call your-selves men! If I could blush, I'd blush for beds of silk and down, such as no nobleyou; but I calculate it wouldn't do no more good than emptying my teapot into the

almighty Niagara.

And what have we poor timid slaves been doing, if it please my lords and masters of the creation to certify. Let us hear our crimes, anyhow. What! Buying too nany robes, and spending too much in ewelry, and perfumes, and soap, and gloves. and flowers, and slippers for our dear little trotters. Those at the things which you are not ashamed to throw into our faces Grant me patience, gracious Jupiter! while write such matters down. Why, a right ninded man, not to say American, would down upon his marrow-bones to his wife, and humbly thank her for having, at all events, got some pleasure out of his money

John Bull's jockeys, or to be poisoned by dukes and marquises, for fear the Stars and the Stripes should bang the Old Country on its own Turf. No oysters and port wine. and such like, monkeying the aristocrats of Britain. No chests of cigars, big as um-DESTITUTION IN NEW YORK.—Those brellas. No gumticklers, and neck-twisters, into effect, without hesitation. By diligreat property. I had neither brothers who do not visit our police stations at and brandy-smasnes, and b than a maternal cousin, who is known as every one of the fwenty-two police stations to call out, like free citizens of the noblest Cot. Glines—Richard Glines, of Woods—stock Downs. This man's envy was exwretches, who are prefoundly thankful for mean. No opera-boxes, that ain't always cited, it appears, towards me, and though the privilege of being allowed to sleep on a filled with your own wives, but are somehe was careful to avoid arousing my sus- bench or on the stone floor of the lodgers' times sent as presents to somebody else'spicions, I soon came to know that he nurs- cells. They are frequently crowded so same remark as to shawls and trinkets, my ed against me the bitterest rancor. Pro- much that there is not room for them to masters. Oh, no! nothing of all this. Ask about these things, and the lords of creation alliance with his son-a dissolute young ty, the homeless creatures may be seen on But there's something in all this, girls, notare as mute as a dead nigger in a coal-hole. withstanding. I swear it, by the memory

of St. Washington. But come, girls, up and be doing! If we've done the mischief, (and my lords say so, and therefore, of course, it must be so,) we must repair it. We'll have a good time.

The editor of a newspaper down east has been bled to improve the circulation-of

serious the lathman, when the danger became serious the East India Company. It now appears, were the great observation. The following passage from the first ender in the Times of yesterday seals the doors of the "Merchant Prince" in their capacity as rulers of India: The double Government, which is the type of obstruction and circumslocution, has but its day, and must now give way to comething better united to the present time and to actual wants. We see happy to say, that as soon as Parliament meets for the despatch of general business, the total abolition of the Gompany's government will be proposed by Ministers. India will be brought immediately under the control of the Crown and Parliament, with such michinery of administration as shall be thought conducive to jts welfare. The be thought conducive to its welfare. The greatest dependency of the empire will receive the benefits of direct Parliamentary supervision and direct Ministerial responsidoubt that the nation which has conquered and reconquered India will soon urge it on-ward, with new force, in the path of im provement .- European Times.

A Prussian journal, of the Lower Rhine, tells a very good story of a religious community thereon, who, appreciating the long and able services of their faithful minister, unanimously resolved, as a slight testimonial of the same, to present him this year of a bountiful vintage each with a bottle of white wing. The minister was of convergence. white wine. The minister was, of course, duly sensitive to this delicate tribute of love and affection, as well as pretty proud of it, as an evidence that his ministry had not been altogether in vain, and at considerable expense prepared in his cellar a huge ornamented cask, at which, on the appointed day, appeared every member of his flock, and emptied his bottle. But what was the surprise of the minister, as well as of the generous donors, on tasting from the new overflowing cask, to find that it was no wine, but water? A strange thing, certainly, and of which we have no other explana-tion than this, that every member of the society was of the same idea, that one bottle of water would not be noticed in a whole cask of wine

WAYS AND MEANS .- Two Irishmer who were travelling together, got out money, and being in want of a drink of whiskey, devised the following ways and

Patrick, catching a frog out of a brook went ahead, and at the very first tavern he came to asked the landlord what sort of a cratur that was?

He said 'frog,' of course. No, sir, said Pat, it's a mouse. It's a frog, replied the landlord. It is a mouse, said Pat, and I will leave it to the first traveller that comes along

for a pint of whiskey.

Agreed, said the landlord.

Murphy soon arrived, and to him was the appeal made. After much examina-tion and deliberation, he declared it to be mouse; and the landlord, in spite of the evidence of his senses, paid the bet, instead of giving both the thrashing they so rich-

THE PLUNDER OF DELHI. - A private let ter from Delhi, dated September 27, says: "For a description of the riches of Delhi my pen is inadequate. Cashmere shawls, man's house in England could produce, you would see the Sixles carrying out of Dellei the first day, as if they were almost nothing.

A shawl which in England would fetch £100, they were selling for four rupes, and you may depend our fellows were not be-hind them. * * It is supposed the Rifles would go to England with upwards word may depend our fellows were not behind them. * * It is supposed the Rifles would go to England with upwards of £1000 each, though General Wilson had issued an order that the prizes shall be all put together and divided. Most of our men are worth upwards of 100 rupes."

This preparation is getting into use all over an country. The numerous letters we receive from our various agents, inferming us of cures effected in their immediate neighborhoods, warrant us in saying it is one of the best, if not the very best, Cough Medicine now before the public. It almost invariably relieves, and not unfrequently cures the very norst cases. When all other Cough preparation is getting into use all over an country. The numerous letters we receive from our various agents, inferming us of cures effected in their immediate neighborhoods, warrant us in saying it is one of the best, if not the very best, Cough Medicine now before the public. It almost invariable properties and not unfrequently cures the very norst cases. When all other Cough preparation is getting into use all over an country. The numerous letters we receive from our various agents, inferming us of cures effected in their immediate neighborhoods, warrant us in saying it is one of the best, if not the very best, Cough Medicine now before the public. It almost inverse the very norst cases. When all other Cough preparation is getting into use all over an country.

We have received a copy of the innigural address of Gov. Moore, of Alabama. He arges economy in the management of the affairs of the State, and thinks that a surplus in the treasury should be carefully guarded against, illustrating the danger of the opposite relies to the state. events, got some pleasure out of his money while it lasted. And she, if she was a dear, warm, kind, affectionate, sweet, good, darling little rib. (as we all are till you make us more t'other.) would say to him, shaking her lovely curls over his face, "Sam," or "Bill," or "Alcibiades," as the case might be, "I forgive you," and I don't know—I say I don't know, but if he looked very penitent indeed, and was a handsome fellow—I don't know but she migh, just—there, it's out, give him a kiss—ah, and a good one, too—not one of the touches that wouldn't make a dewdrop absquatulate from a rose-leaf, but one as if she meant it. But the notion of a husband charging his ruin upon one of those angels, who, in the disguise of wives, float about your homes, and fill the air with essence of Paradise—well there!

In course it's all our doing, too. No little trifle of extravagance on your side of the table. Nothing about poker, or any other ittle gams. Nothing about racing, or bets on horses to be sent over to England, to have their hearts broken by the cheating of John Buill's jockeys, or to be poisoned by dukes and marquises, for fear the Stars and marquises, for fear the Stars and for commercial facilities, are necessary evils," and that "such restrictions and penalisies should be incorporated in the charters as will, if possible, effectually protect the people against the abuse of the Black Republicans, whose manifest purpose is "to extension to the attendance of the Black Republicans, whose manifest purpose is "to extension the days of the highest deposition to the people. It does not join, however, in the captering that Mr. Buehain the complaint against the Administration for not removing Gov. Walker, "believing that Mr. Buchanan will be able to give satisfactory reasons for the

Too Tage por A Jose .- In Mr. Memminger' speech on the suspension bill, he made this remark able, but true statement: The cotton crop of South Carolina was worth before suspension \$29,000,000; prices had fallen about one-third; her share of the loss would be about \$7,000,000. Think of this, planters, and then remember that your representa-tives have voted to fasten this worthless currency apon you for a whole year more.
In another part of his speech, he said, a law, re

ferring to the suspension act, that permits such vio-lation of a contract, is a law which sets honesty at defiance. Will the people bear it in mind that a majority of representatives have voted for such a law, a law to set honesty at defiance?—Cheraio Ga-

The Ontonagan Miner gives an account of a immense copper nugget discovered in the Minneso-ta mine. Its greatest length is forty-six feet, with a mean width of 12½ feet, and average thickness of 3½ feet. Cubic contents 2,000 feet. Purity 90 per cent. Weight 500 tons. Value \$300,000. per cent. Weight 500 tons. Value \$300,000.

The shock of an earthquake was felt in Greenbier county, Virginia, on the night of the 10th instant—in the same county, at the same time, a large land slide took place, and the end of a mountain gave way, and was precipitated into a river below.

The London Times estimates that the aggregate sum of the liabilities of the meroantile firms which have failed in London amounts to between thirty and forty millions of pounds sterling.

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very scorst cases. When all other Cough prepara-tions have failed, this has relieved the patient, as Druggists, dealers in Medicines, and Physicians, can testify. Ask the Agent in your nearest town, what has been his experience of the effects of this medicine. If he has been selling it for any length inedicine. But has been sening it for any control of time he will tell you

IT IS THE BEST MEDICINE EYTANT.

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have received lately regarding the virtues of this medicine.

Dr. S. S. Oslia, of Knoxville, Ga., anys: I have been using your Liverwort and Tarvery extensively in my practice for three years yast, and, it is with pleasure I state my belief in the sura, alongery over all, other anticizes with which I am acquainted, for which it is recommended."

Messrs. Fitzgerald & Benners, writing from Waynesville, N. C. say: "The Liverwort and Tar is becoming daily more popular in this Country, and we think sustant so. All who have tried it speak in commendable terms of it, and say it is very beneficial in alleviating the complaints for which it is recommended."

Messrs. Fitzgerald & Beapers, writing from Waynesville, N. C., say: The Liverwort and

Messrs. Fitzgerald & Benners, writing from Waynesville, N. C., say: The Liverscert and Tar is becoming daily more popular in this Country, and we think justly so. All who have tried it speak in commendable terms of it, and say it is very beneficial in alleviating the complaints for which it is recommended."

Our Agent in Pickens District, S. C., Mr. S. P. McFall segments in with a secret with a secret.

Our Agent in Pickens District, S. C., Mr. S. R. McFall, assures us "that he uses it with great benefit in his own family, and recommends it to his neighbors." He gives an instance of a Negro woman, in his vicinity, who had been suffering with disease of the Langa for years, attended with set vere cough, who was relieved by the Liverwor

and Tar.

Such are the good reports we hear of this Midicine from all parts of the South. For a report of the surprising cures it has performed in the Western and Northern and Eastern States, we would invite the suffering patient to read the pampillet which accompanies each bottle. To all we say, have hope, have hope!

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